

It never happened

by kettleowl

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Summary: We never met

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"Hey Tsukishima, you're late today! Did something happen?" Tanaka shouted loudly from his place, already done with the warm-up.

"Sorry, I was waiting forâ€|" He stopped mid-sentence, whom was he waiting for? Was there anyone?

"Tsukishimaaaa, you are making that constipated face! The face you made when you first met Kageyama and me!" Hinata said from somewhere besides him but Tsukishima paid him no mind.

"Everyone gets back to practice, Tsukishima hurry and warm up." Their captain called.

Tsukishima eventually finished his warm-up and joined the others in practice match. But somehow it felt weird, it felt strangely empty. It felt like he was missing something and he couldn't find out what it was.

"Tsukishima!" The sound of his name being shouted jostled him out of his thinking, just in time for him to dodge the incoming volleyball. Had he been spacing out? It was better that he skipped practice today. It was just club activity anyway.

He made his way toward the coach and asked to home early. With his previous performance, the coached quickly agreed and told him to get some fresh air.

He walked home alone. It wasn't late; the sky was still bright. He passed a small playground. There were many children playing but a kid caught his eyes. The kid had freckles. It reminded him of someone and

suddenly, his heart hurt. The pain kept growing until he tore his eyes from the kid.

He ran away. He just ran and ran until his leg couldn't carry him anymore. He collapsed somewhere along the sidewalk and calmed himself down. This had never happened before. What was wrong with him today? He really needed to go home.

Slowly, he got up and looked around. Somehow he had run to a cemetery. It didn't have that creepy aura that cemeteries had in horror movies. The cemeteries were quite small and peaceful. He looked at the tombstone that was nearest to him. It was a small one; Yamaguchi Tadashi was carved on it. His heart gave a painful twisted beat. It hurt, even worse than earlier. But it only hurt once, and then he returned to normal.

He walked straight to his house this time, not even once did he glance back. Even when he heard someone distantly called 'Tsukki'.

That person, Yamaguchi Tadashi, died on this day a few years ago. They never met, never became friends, never talked. The only word ever echoed in their world was 'Pathetic'.

End
file.